O heate, dry vp my braines, teares ſeuen times ſalt
Burne out the ſence and vertue of mine eye.
By heauen thy madnes ſhall be paid with weight
Till our ſcale turne the beame. O Roſe of May,
Deere maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia*,
O Heauens, iſt poſſible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!

Ophe. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere, *Song.*
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and did'ſt perſwade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.

Ophe. You muſt ſing a downe, a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the falſe Steward that ſtole his Maſters Daughter,

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Ophe. There's Roſemary, that for remembrance, pray you loue remember, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophe. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rew for you, and heere's ſome for mee, wee may call it herbe of Grace a Sundayes, you may weare your Rew with a difference, there's a Daſie, I would giue you ſome Violets, but they witherd all when my Father died, they ſay a made a good end.
For bonny ſweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and affliction, paſſion, hell it ſelfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettineſſe.

Ophe. And will a not come againe, *Song.*
And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as ſnow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
God a mercie on his ſoule, and all Chriſtians ſoules,
God buy yous.

Laer. Doe you this O God.

King. *Laertes*, I muſt commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right, goe but a part,

Make

4 Tell 8 bare-faste 17 thats for 22 Sondaies
35 and of all 36 God buy you.

Make choice of
And they ſhall h
If by direct or b
They find vs tou
Our crowne, ou
To you in ſatisf
Be you content
And we ſhall io
To giue it due c

Laer. Let th
His meanes of d
No Trophæ, Sw
No noble right,
Cry to be heard
That I muſt call

King. So you
And where th' O
I pray you goe w

Hora. What a
Gen. Sea-fari
Hora. Let the
I doe not know f
I ſhould be greet
Say. God bleſ
Hora. Let him
Say. A ſhall fi
came from the E
name be *Horatio*
Hor. Horatio, w
fellowes ſome m
we were two dai
ment gaue vs cha
a compelled valo
ſtant they got cle
they haue dealt w
what they did: I a
Letters I haue ſe
as thou would'ſt f

12 Trophe